The COMMONWEAL

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Should Mr. Welles Go to Europe?

ISOLATIONIST OPPOSITION to the sending of Mr. Welles to Europe alternates its emphasis between the uselessness of the trip and its dangers. We are asked to believe that the less the President and the State Department know of German, Allied or Italian intentions in regard to the pursuit of the war, the greater the certainty that this country will avoid being drawn into the war. This enthusiasm for ignorance is not persuasive. After all, the human beings who make up the Administration are not illiterate; they read the newspapers—and that they should have information other than that which they find in the newspapers, by means of the diplomats or by a special envoy, would seem only to increase their qualifications for the work they have to do. Sending Mr. Welles to obtain first hand information is a legitimate government act and a sensible one. Furthermore we accept the Administration's plain statement that Mr. Welles is being sent for this purpose and for no other. It is only after his return that the question of a peace plan might arise, and, we hope, will arise. It will be time enough to judge or support that plan when it is formed. The appalling suffering in Finland shows what the war will become if generalized in the spring. The demonstration may induce those responsible for European policy to talk sense to Mr. Welles.

One Thing at a Time

Refugees as Citizens

THE SMALL CARIBBEAN STATE of San Domingo is preparing in a very peculiar way to welcome within its borders 100,000 refugees from Europe. Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo has made available 26,000 acres of land he personally owned for their reception, and the Legislature will ratify the rather complicated arrangements by March 1. The speed of the migration will depend upon financial assistance from outside made available for the transportation and setting up of the refugee families. The refugees will be of all creeds and will be guaranteed "full freedom from discrimination of every kind and equality of opportunity, civil, legal and economic." This is certainly in the grand tradition of the western hemisphere and is a splendid counter-attack against the developing dog-in-the-manger attitude which threatens this country and our neighbors. The territory of the Americas does not provide a fair share of economic life for the support of the peoples of the world, and it does not provide anywhere near a justly proportionate number of homes for the families of the world. The Dominican Republic has joined "humanitarianism with good economics and sound statesmanship" in a fashion which it seems to us that other American countries are morally obligated to emulate.

Charity and Justice

The "Via Media" Is Organic

SIGHT UNSEEN, a human and social program of the "via media," avoiding obvious extreme positions but seeking out and not denying the constructive elements of the extremes, should sound persuasive to troubled and civilized ears. It is a really surprising phenomenon in modern history that the papal principles of social reconstruction should have been so slow to catch hold of the public imagination. Perhaps the organic approach they embody contradicts the mood of mathematical experimentation and quantitative measurement that has developed the physical sciences. Still, the papal approach illustrates wonderfully well a civilized scepticism and sophisticated realism which ought to be easily popular in the field of social sciences. And the "golden mean," after all, is a principal ingredient of Western thought and art and literature, right back to their origins. Modern nations are old enough and have been through enough and are going through enough, one would think, to make it reasonable to expect them to give up a

Bishops' Message

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childish insistence upon and a paralyzing craving for an automatic solution for our troubles—a sugar coated pill as pleasant to take as candy and guaranteed to result in a 100 percent earthly bliss.

The social principles written down so clearly in the rich statement of the administrative board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference give Americans another chance to understand the general drift and many of the special phases of the Church's social teaching. The impossibility of extreme individualism, economic liberalism, is once again demonstrated. Likewise, the responsibility of the state for public welfare, and the greater rôle it must play than was permitted during the blasted era of laissez-faire is shown while at the same time there are warnings against the tyrannical extreme of state collectivism. The central point is the reiterated call for the development of the organic guild or vocational unit. In these, by occupation, "employers and employees must be organized singly and jointly. . . . they are autonomous, embrace whole industries and professions, are federated with other constituent groups, possess the right of free organization, assembly and vote, and . . . should dedicate themselves to the common good . . ." The outline is not completely filled in; the guilds must be organic growths nurtured by the desire of people to advance the common good. It is not specified how there can be reconciled *within* the guilds that "conflict between classes with divergent interests" which defies solution *outside* them. The fact that no easy solution is given to this problem (the solution by the fascist dictate of a party is in no sense offered; an automatic dictatorial solution would destroy any hope of organic growth) is probably the main barrier to quick acceptance of the program. But that is the kind of problem that may be solved in the very act of working on it, whole occupational groups working loyally together, and it ought to be a stimulus to social action, inspired by the primary and essential reform of morals and revival of spiritual life which must underlie all constructive building.

Art of Not Passing Resolutions

Embattled Youth

FOR THE PURPOSE of this comment, we don't care whether the American Youth Congress is communist-dominated or not, though its leaders seem resolved to do all they possibly can to foster that impression. Let's be charitable, however, and assume that the AYC doesn't want to pass resolutions condemning Stalin because that would force the communists out, and forcing them out would be undemocratic. The implications of that line of reasoning are interesting, to say the least, but let it stand. And no one can find anything to object to in Mrs. Roosevelt's advice: "I don't think you should go on record for anything that you don't believe in." But what touched us the most in the proceedings of the AYC last week was Mr. Roosevelt's homily on the whole subject of passing resolutions: "While I have not the slightest objection in the world to the passing of resolutions by conventions, I do think there is room for improvement in common-sense thinking and definite room for improvement in the art of not passing resolutions concerning things one doesn't know anything about." That sounds like a fairly reasonable bit of advice; but advice of the sort is always particularly unpalatable to youth, and John L. Lewis seized the occasion to make a thoroughly demagogic speech before the young people, which none of them seem to have recognized for what it was. It isn't exactly complimentary to an organization to use it as a sounding board for an irrelevant political idea, even a good idea. So altogether one wonders just how much good can be served by such organizations as the AYC. All experience, here and abroad, indicates that they are likely to serve as tools for some adult group with a very specific set of axes to grind. And youth, with all its charm, its enthusiasm, is still youth. It is very easily fooled. Once fooled, it can do more than pass resolutions based upon "twaddle." It can act. It can riot. It can organize street violence. Sticking to one's last seems still to be a fairly good idea, and it isn't necessarily altogether undemocratic.

Not Dangerous, But Anomalous

Publicity Note

HERE IN AMERICA at least, it is normally both irrelevant and impertinent to speculate upon the domestic reactions in the milieu of a public man. What his family thinks about public questions, or even what it says about them within any confines that can reasonably be described as private, has been regarded as rather privileged matter; treated with a certain reticence, and when it has entered the news stream, viewed as being special and individual, and segregated by more or less conscious intent from significant connection with the public life of the public figure. It is due to the activities of the more articulate members of the President's family that this no longer holds true; and it is with no desire to curtail anyone's liberty of expression, and certainly in no mere mood of fault-finding, that we say we wish it still did. Within the last week, there has been nationwide comment upon the disparity between President Roosevelt's and Mrs. Roosevelt's approaches to the Youth Congress—comment which has varied from outspoken satisfaction to outspoken amusement, and which by its very scope and vigor shows how much the nation is preoccupied with the public opinions, not merely of the President but also of the President's wife. Following hard upon this, Mr. Elliott

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Roosevelt gave his opinions on third-term prospects in an address which was worth featured publicity. No one could regard any of this as a danger, but we do think it can fairly be described as an anomaly: it is rather like the concentration of public attention upon a royal family, in countries where there *is* a royal family. And it is an anomaly of which the public possibly may tire very quickly.

The AFL-CIO Impasse

THERE ARE few signs that labor's badly divided house is on its way toward becoming a strengthened and unified structure. John L. Lewis still refuses to resume negotiations without new AFL concessions. Mr. Lewis's reiterated suggestions of union now, discussion later is hardly a serious factor in the argument. The American public has been losing patience. Legislation considered inimical to union labor has been passed in twenty-two states. Many leaders in both camps are conscious that their loss of prestige has held back progress toward needed reforms and are sincerely desirous of peace. The solutions for the unemployment problem advanced by the United Mine Workers and the AFL indicates a striking similarity of ends and means. The backgrounds of the two unions represent one fundamental difference. The AFL rose to power in an earlier day when an office often meant a soft job requiring little pushing or could be developed into a lucrative racket. Since its inception five years ago the CIO has given the American labor movement a real impetus and achieved considerable gains. Many of its mistakes are ascribed to inexperience rather than weaknesses inherent in its structure. Now that they are so rapidly losing ground the unions on both sides must submerge their differences. The original industrial vs. craft union dispute is no longer the obstacle it once was. Mr. Lewis must hit upon some plan agreeable to others than himself; Mr. Green must indicate concessions that will make further negotiations more promising.

Another Need for Peace

Applause Is Not Enough

THE SUPREME COURT has freed four Negroes found guilty in Florida of murder. Two of the men had confessed, a third had changed his plea to guilty, the fourth was convicted on the evidence of the others. But all four had been subjected to five days of moral torture "in a fourth floor jail room where as prisoners they were without friends, advisers or counselors, and under circumstances calculated to break the strongest nerves and the stoutest resistance." Mr. Justice Black delivered the opinion of the Court, a sober and compelling opinion which is a triumph for decent humanity and American justice. Incidentally there is a hopeful circumstance in the case: it was a Negro lawyer in Jacksonville, Mr. S. D. McGill, who first assumed the defense of these friendless men when local conditions finally admitted the presence of counsel, and it was the National Association for the Advancement of Colored people which made it possible to carry the appeal through the Florida courts (winning in four, losing in the fifth) to final success in the Supreme Court.

The Fourteenth Amendment

White Americans should do more than applaud. It is not enough to rejoice because elementary justice has been secured in one case and after a long struggle. Only yesterday in Maryland a mob seized two Negro women, despite the efforts of officers of the law. Justice for the colored people goes beyond questions of mob and judicial violence to the problem of the permanent and unquestioned social injustice which causes these episodes.

"The Red Christian Front"

"THOSE BUTCHER DOGS that feed upon garbage and fatten upon the offal of the shamble are always ready to bark at whatever interferes with the trade of their masters." Of such, according to *Social Justice,* is THE COMMONWEAL. We have sometimes wished that our masters were, indeed, butchers, since we admit a thoroughly papist preference for steak over most other forms of food, and good steak does come a little high these days. But we confess that garbage and offal aren't very appetizing. Perhaps we are ungrateful to our "masters" after all! We are told that "the attack on Father Coughlin has become . . . an attack on Catholicism." It likewise seems from *Social Justice* that such an "attack" is likely to be an insult to his Archbishop. Are we to understand, then, that disagreeing strongly with a priest means disloyalty to the Church and disrespect for that priest and that priest's ecclesiastical superior? The doctrine at least possesses the virtue of novelty. But like all doctrines, it must cut two ways. We have criticized—and shall continue to criticize, apparently for a long time—one clerical radio orator and a certain diocesan paper. So, by the new reckoning, we have one priest and two bishops to our discredit. *Social Justice* in a recent number (February 5) criticizes (and that's being pleasantly mild about it) two cardinals, two bishops and a domestic prelate. If we give it the full benefit of its own doctrine, we might have to add to its score the "ecclesiastical superior" of each of these distinguished clergymen as well, but we draw the line at that. Even without yielding our friendly enemy its full bag of ecclesiastical trophies, we still are outdistanced. But we have always preferred tilling the soil to hunting, anyway.

Having and Eating Your Cake

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Europe and Unity and Men

What is this war? What can come out of it? . . . A lot of questions, a few answers.

By C. G. Paulding

A STREET left the quay to climb to the old town; it rose from the harbor and a little way up it there was a railing on which you could lean and look at the view. The view was of the fort, where they recruit for the Foreign Legion, and beyond the fort was the long line of the docks, the breakwater, and the sea. In the evening I would go back to the hotel, get a taxi, go to a ship, sail for New York. I leaned on the railing and looked at a sentry in his box. I was on a level with the top of the fort, and he was on top of the fort looking down across the moat at the quay beneath us. Watching the trucks go by. He was not fifty yards away from the trucks and the women and the girls and the fishermen, and he was entirely separated from everything.

On top of the fort there was also a flag, taut in the wind. It was not my flag; I did not feel that way about it. It seemed made for painters to use as an accent above the gray fort, slate sea, dirty snow. Utrillo would have painted in the flag. Esthetics. Well, the esthetes were mobilized with the rest. The flag was being taken out of all the pictures in all the museums, out of the Jongkinds, out of the Boudins, out of the Marquets, to be placed over the graves.

It could not be, I reasoned, this flag that was not mine which made me feel it was a miserable thing to be going away. The flag had suggested the paintings, and they, the country, the buildings, the light on the countryside and on the churches, the way Proust had written about Méséglise, and Verlaine about the sky over his prison wall. I was leaving all that. But the flag which in peacetime had meant the peaceful countryside and the painters who had made you see it in a certain way now, of course, pointed only to war and to the graves and I realized then that what was miserable was the breaking of the solidarity which bound me to the men who might fill them.

The men I had known in many countries had now been given special work to do; they had been separated from their own work. Like the sentry, they were separated from everything. It was not because my friends might be killed or because in all probability many of them would be killed that it was difficult to leave them. I greatly feared death but they were not thinking of death: they were experiencing what it means to be separated from their fields, from their wives, from the truth they were helping to build. The solidarity which concerned me was with these plans which made up the essential of their lives and it was with their broken hopes. My plans and my hopes, whatever might be left of them, went on: theirs had ceased with the first day of mobilization. For many of the Italians, for many of the Spanish and Albanians, and Czechs and Austrians and Jews, these plans had ceased to exist long before the mobilization. For the Scandinavians, and Belgians and Dutch and Swiss they had ceased as radically as they had in the belligerent countries. Someone was born in Calumet, Michigan, and he could plan very simply to leave Europe and return to Calumet, Michigan: someone else was born in Baden, in Manchester or in Bordeaux, and the plans which tore him away from his own plans were all blueprinted for him, with the police there to see that he carried them out. Life depended on an accident.

Towards Unity

One thinks of Europe as deeply divided against itself. There is indeed the theme of separation, of division, but immediately it is corrected by a stronger theme of unity. The nations of Europe have done everything possible in the direction of separation, independence, autarchy—that is the theme of separation—but in the end they have rushed into the embrace of war—and that is the blind prefiguration of unity. The exiles from every country who met in France, torn from their homes, the Jewish exiles on the ships, who go from port to port with no possibility of union with any home, with any land, are the pitiable heralds for the men who will travel freely from land to land and found their homes where they will. These two themes were there before the war. There was a prodigious unity in a Europe already united in the misery of war, before the papers and the statesmen called it The War. If one considered only the colors on the map, then of course there were countries still living in peace. From that point of view there are still countries living in peace. But the reality of Europe was then, as it is now, that there were combat zones and everywhere else zones where the forces were massing for action, and no zone where the suffering of Europe was not evident. When the politicians thought they

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were encircling Germany they were stumbling toward unity. When the fascists thought the Berlin-Rome axis was a plan to strengthen their isolation and their military power, actually they were breaking down a frontier. When France turned to Britain for assistance, she was becoming a part of the British system. When Hitler entered Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, he was demolishing frontiers that will never exist again, but he was also hastening the day when his own frontiers would cease to exist. He thought he was opening a world to the Germans: he is opening a world to the peoples of Europe including the Jews. Everywhere the manner and purpose of this move toward unity was blind or ferocious, or both. But even where its action appeared most insane, as for example when three major powers found it necessary, some to provoke, all three to take sides in a Spanish civil war, even there it was a manifestation of Europe's unity. For even before the war a disunited, fragmented Europe in which madmen could plan success for one or more of its units and subjection for others had become an intensely frivolous paradox. A common misery had united Europe as perhaps rarely before. Closing all the windows, shutting all the doors, every nation of Europe was immediately sensitive to any act, any effort for good or for bad, which took place on the continent.

That seemed to be a plausibly historical attitude to take toward the struggle that had commenced between the communities inhabiting the extreme Western tip of Asia. Everyone had been thinking too long in terms of national units, nationalisms prolonged imperially, and too little and too vaguely in terms of the real problem which was to find, and having found to give form and order to, a method by which men could live together on the thing called this earth with the maximum possibility for self development and happiness. People dismissed the subject with a reference to Utopia, but there was no immediate need to fear an Edenic perfection: there was a possibility that unless this problem were considered in its relation to men rather than in its relation to nationalism, the nations would advance rapidly toward self-extermination. The fundamental unit was the human person and then the family and then the greatest possible local responsibility, regional organization, with free intercourse between regions. Naturally there was a question of terminology in the way one used the word nation. As the most extended regional unit the nation would endure as long as endured the men and women, the culture and language, the hills and rivers and valleys which constituted its cause and limits. But these regional realities were as interdependent as the realities called a man and a woman were interdependent in marriage. This was not thinking in terms of Utopia or in terms of desire: spiritually and materially it had been a fact for Lenin and remained a fact for any Christian. Unless frontiers became only and simply convenient guides—here the roads are bordered by poplar trees and the literature is humanist; here, in this section, the local genius is concerned with music, poetry and organization; here men are architects; and everywhere machines and the soil are subordinated to a free and intelligent life for men—the frontiers will indicate, to the historians who can trace them, that here Frenchmen, here Germans, here Italians, once lived crystallized into rigid nationalisms who now are slaves. Slaves to whom? It would not greatly matter: slaves perhaps only to despair.

Men

It was the sight of the sea and the thought that I would be in New York where one could construct any theory—though for the doubtful ones with less encouragement than in Los Angeles—which was leading me so far from the immediate reality of leaving my friends. I was leaving Davenson who was taking over a building to prepare it for use as a dental clinic and whose training for this work consisted in twenty years of archeology and the history of the second to the fourth centuries A. D. I was leaving Carrier, who, in turn, was leaving his wife to break her back in the sodden fields pulling out potatoes and fodder beets, and to clean out cow dung in a dark barn, and to bear him a child. Their marriage had taken place only two months before the war. I was leaving Alvaro, exiled from Spain, to see what he could do with Maribel and Susana, and Gonzalo who was sick, and three brothers more and his parents, with no money in war time Paris. I was leaving Barraud who had said everything is dark and my hands are dark and how can I put bright colors on the white canvas. I was leaving Valéry in a Paris grave because he could neither return to a fascist Italy nor forget the Italy which was his home, because he had sought his grave, defeated by the war before the War. And in a village grave, Marcel, the rose gardener of Cannes, who had come one dawn to our house after an all night cavalry march and who had been the one in a thousand for whom the routine anti-gangrene injection is fatal. I was leaving you, Lefrancq, in a Belgian frontier village, who had refused all through the last war to be anything but a private soldier because you knew that any rank at all would take you, if only slightly, from the filth and discomfort that were the lot of the men: there were brains enough to run the war you said and because the men with brains had been unable to avoid the war you would stay with the privates, who were supposed to have no brains, and suffer with them. I was leaving old man Chabert the farmer who had seen 1870 and 1914 and 1939 and who had said to me, irrevocably,

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quietly, I will never see you again. De Baulny had won the last steeplechase at Auteuil before the war, Rognon had passed his theology in Geneva, preaching his first sermon before the Consistory in the hall of Calvin; Raban had just got a job as waiter at La Baule: I had a sector number for their military address and nothing else. I was leaving Kurt in a concentration camp in France and he was the only man whose happiness I was sure of because he had escaped from a German one. And I was leaving you, Mounier, to experience what personalism would mean during a war.

Do you remember, Mounier, under the trees in the park at Moncel during a pause in the *Esprit* congress last summer? You were calmer than any of us, then, for already you had accepted the War. It was a knot, you said, the threads had fallen and were knotted in the tapestry that men of good will were weaving and which would be the new civilization. You were working already in the war although the War had not yet been declared. You said we are still at peace, there has been war during peace in Spain and now it is coming here and it is already War. The fighting can only kill our friends. For years we have criticized the conditions that have brought the war; personally, we are not responsible, but in a larger sense all of us are responsible, for if we have rejected politicians and political and economic systems, we have never broken or desired to break the solidarity which binds us to the men who are suffering under them. When we are immersed in the war, you said, remember that nothing will be changed in us; there will be no hate; we will continue to think beyond the war and you as an American will not be separated from us.

When Jacques Maritain and I stood on deck and watched the last of Marseilles, we did not speak. He was leaving his country; I was returning to mine. There was nothing to say which in war time could bridge such a disparity of condition. Wherever he went there would be a Frenchman speaking with an honest, a Christian and a European mind, yet still he was leaving all that humanly he was most bound to—if only for a season. But I was leaving my friends faced with their terribly immediate problems. Yet, was that true? There was not, I thought, a reality of suffering in Europe and another incompatible and separate reality in America. There was only a certain accidental expanse of sea. But I knew that distance would make me speak of Europe in a different tone from that which was natural to me in Europe. I knew also that these friends would always be with me as if they were in the room and that when I spoke it would often hurt them. The problem of war and peace was the same for them and for me but my voice would come from Mars, from the moon, from America, and it would sound detached. inhuman, to them. The church on the hill which guards Marseilles appeared once more for a moment through the mist. Cézanne's mountains were only a line in the distance. The wind freshened and the ship began to pitch but we stood there looking astern in silence while my friends and Maritain's spoke their last words to us. The individuals merged into the cities that contained them and into the villages and camps. Howard in London merged with the crowds leaving work as darkness came unchallenged by lights; in Paris, the church of Our Lady would be now a ship at anchor in the river, immense again—now that the street lights were dimmed—as it had been to Baudelaire and to Meryon: Cologne and Trier and Baden in their watchful silence resembled Strasbourg, Colmar and Mulhouse. It was then I knew I would think always with these men, these cities present, and that the ship which was carrying me through the night toward America bore them also.

Guilds and Labor Unions

Some of the guild difficulties to be borne in mind in implementing the Bishops' new social program.

By Walter John Marx

IN SPITE of the emphasis given in some current periodicals to discussion of the "corporative order," most of us are still rather vague when asked to explain clearly what would bring about this order and just how it would function. Most writers are convinced that it has nothing to do with unionism and that the nearest parallel is the guild order of the middle ages.

Contemporary discussion of social and economic problems seems to be marked by increasing intolerance, by a constant appeal to absolute panaceas, to universal principles, to ever-valid solutions; and if anyone disagrees, instead of meeting his arguments point by point, we call him a heretic or, in most cases, a communist. Unfortunately, the certainty we possess with regard to

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our dogma does not apply to economics and sociology. The Church does not render infallible decisions in these latter fields, nor does she even favor one solution more than another. Hence the absurdity of trying to ally the Church with any political party, even though it is called "Catholic," or with a particular economic and social philosophy. Following are words of the present Pontiff, delivered when he was papal legate at the Eucharistic Congress in Budapest:

> "The Church cannot choose sides in the search for methods proper for the solution of problems which are purely terrestrial. Each people must try to determine, in the practical sphere, its fate and its happiness in conformity with its forces, its disposition, its particularities, its vital necessities, its security and the general situation. The Church follows the evolution of the different nations with the love of a mother for her children, providing that the divine law is respected and that the salvation of men is assured. She is not distrustful of new things because they are new. She does not hold on to old things because they are old."

In other words, each nation has certain unique problems which differ from those of other nations; a solution which will fit a predominantly agricultural country will fail if applied to a highly industrialized nation. The seeming success of a certain form of the corporative state in Portugal merits our closest study, but we can well be sceptical of our ability to duplicate such a success in either England or the United States. The corporative system might have to be so compromised to fit local conditions that it would lose its very nature. Obviously, as in Portugal, it must at times assume the garb of a dictatorship. With a people untrained in democratic procedure, split by factions, threatened by certain international forces, it is difficult to see how a Salazar could be dispensed with. Yet the very essence of a successful corporative order is the democratic procedure of each estate or corporation in which the employees and employers cooperate. That this is so is seen in the condemnation by Pius XI of the pseudo-corporative order set up by Mussolini.

Certain advocates of the corporative order in the United States, in particular the editor of the *Guildsman,* would junk the labor unions and start from the bottom to build up a corporative order. An examination of history shows, however, that each age, and sometimes each country, devises special institutions to cope with immediate and pressing problems, and future reform must take into account these existing bodies and build from them rather than attack them. Several speakers at the Social Action Congress in Cleveland pointed out that a start could be made simply by the getting together of the unions and the employers' associations in each industry.

Why guilds were formed

If we keep in mind the special social and economic structure of the early middle ages, it is not difficult to understand that the organization of the craft guilds filled much the same need in that day as did the foundation of labor unions following the ruthless advance of the industrial revolution. These latter owe certain of their special characteristics to the fact that they arose in the heyday of nineteenth century liberalism, in a society which had thrown over age-old disciplines and institutional forms. The guilds arose on the contrary in a highly stratified society, already well organized in an hierarchical order and kept from anarchy by the discipline of feudal and ecclesiastical institutions. It would also be possible to point out the difference in ideals which in turn affected the final type of workingmen's association of each age. Men have always been much the same in regard to their passions and desires and the numerous regulations of the guilds indicate clearly that many a guildsman thirsted after material gain and was willing to profit by dishonest methods or by sharp practices. But the important difference is that in medieval times this sort of conduct was condemned by Church, state and guild alike, while in the nineteenth century the philosophy of such men as Adam Smith, Ricardo, Bentham and Mill not only excused but glorified the pursuit of gain and worldly success as man's chief purpose in this world.

Before we try to pour society into the corporative mold, we should be thoroughly familiar with the manner in which the medieval guild came into being. Thanks to the present emphasis on labor relations, the average reader is already quite familiar with the history of unionism in England and the United States; but this is not true in regard to the history of the guilds.

Historical disagreement

The origin of the guilds has been bitterly debated by the historians of the last half of the nineteenth century; there is still no universal agreement. There seem to have been important variations from country to country. Therefore the broad generalizations we so often hear about the medieval guilds must be questioned seriously, for the conditions under which the guilds operated varied considerably in Italy, Germany, England, the Low Countries. In the early middle ages Germany, England and France were backward countries; the earliest urban development came in Italy and in the Low Countries. But in Italy economic conditions were strongly affected by the quarrels of Pope and Emperor and the passing of the city states into the hands of despots. North of the Alps the towns of Belgium and Holland—the Low Countries—led the European world in population, industry and commerce.

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It is not surprising, therefore, that we find the most detailed development of the guilds in these centers.

Without delving into the various controversies concerning the origin of the guilds, we shall adopt the thesis of the late Professor Henri Pirenne, who divided the craft guilds into two rather distinct groups: those producing for a limited local market, the butchers, bakers, carpenters, smiths, etc.; and those producing for a world market, the weavers, fullers, dyers, etc.—in a word, all those engaged in the cloth trade, the great source of wealth for the towns of the Low Countries.

The word "guild" of course should always be preceded by an adjective. The merchant guild, for instance, except perhaps at its very origin, had nothing to do with workers. Its members were aristocratic merchants, and in the high middle ages no one could belong to the guild who worked with his hands. The town government was so nearly synonymous with the Guild Merchant that some historians have seen the origin of the town in the guild. In the Low Countries, however, the Guild Merchant was not synonymous with the government, but its members successfully excluded any participation in the government by the working classes or by the masters of the craft guilds. In England Lipson can find hardly a case where the craft guilds themselves set the famous just price, living wage, hours, etc. These were set either by the town government, dominated in most cases by the powerful Guild Merchant, or directly by officials of the Guild Merchant.

Since the Guild Merchant antedated the craft guilds by at least two centuries, a struggle was necessary before the right of the workers to organize was allowed. In the thirteenth century in Ghent, Bruges, Brussels and Louvain, the workers in the different trades gradually formed religious confraternities, often in devotion to the patron saint of their trade. Behind the locked doors of the church they plotted to obtain a corporate organization and a share in the government of the towns. Their first attempts at organization for other than prayer were crushed ruthlessly by ducal and county authorities, allied with the merchant aristocrats. But in the confused feudal and factional struggles of those times, the military and financial support of the hardy burghers of the towns was courted by rival sides, so that from the last half of the thirteenth century we find the workers increasingly organized into guilds.

For local consumption

But as Pirenne has pointed out, the attempts of the merchants and the town authorities to insure a stable economy by means of a just price and living wage succeeded only in respect to those crafts which produced for local consumption and which, therefore, could be effectively controlled without regard to ordinary economic principles of supply and demand. Certain of a monopoly market, certain of the price his goods would bring, with no incentive for increased production, with advertising strictly prohibited, there was no reason why the baker should do any more than supply the townsmen with a sufficient but not excessive amount of goods of a high quality. This quality was carefully maintained by the vigilance of the authorities.

These local guilds often became prosperous according to the standards of their time. They endowed beds in the hospitals; some even built their own hospitals. They buried their dead, pensioned the widows and children of dead companions and gave their members a security workers in the modern world have lost. But in the twentieth century what class of workers can be compared to the members of these local guilds? Production for purely local consumption, able to disregard competitive prices or dumping, still exists only in a very few small communities and even there the mail order house and the chain store are ever-potential competitors.

Today, one of the difficulties that comes to mind in speaking of the corporative order is this question of regulating the prices of goods and setting up living wages in an economy which is national and international. It is interesting to note that the middle ages faced the same problem and failed to solved it. In his "Belgian Democracies" Professor Pirenne paints a harrowing picture of the miserable existence of the workers engaged in the cloth trade. Yet these workers, producing goods for an international market, are the forerunners of our modern workers. Professor Pirenne calls them the medieval proletariat. And if our medieval ancestors failed to give them even a subsistence wage, the enormity of the task confronting us in the much more complicated twentieth century is appalling.

The fact of the matter is, and an increasing number of modern union leaders are realizing it, that without a control of prices and management, wage increases obtained by pressure are often illusory. They can at times ruin the business, particularly where competition is keen and the entire industry not organized. But in medieval times, when even the cloth trade was organized into guilds and the merchants cooperated on almost a national scale in Belgium, the same problem remained. For if a living wage were paid to Belgian workers, English cloth at a lower price would drive Belgian cloth from the world's markets. So today even a small rise in the miserable pittance given to the cotton picker would simply mean an even greater loss on our part of our diminishing share in the world's cotton market.

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Even though we had a better and more inclusive corporative organization than the middle ages, we should have to abandon a large portion of our international trade in order to be able to fix prices and wages at home.

There is also the question of continuity of employment. The task of limiting membership in modern industry to just enough individuals to supply the needed goods of that industry by working a full year is almost beyond human ingenuity. In medieval times we find an insecurity much like that of our time. The weaver, fuller or dyer did not own his own tools or his own home. He lived in frightful slums in the suburbs, owning nothing but the clothes on his back. On Monday morning he stood in the market-place waiting for someone to hire him. Since labor was plentiful and cheap, wages were low and even the ordinary safeguards in the law codes of the towns were evaded or ignored by his capitalist employer who dominated the town government. The attempts of the workers to organize guilds were stamped out in bloodshed until by sheer numbers and a strength and ferocity born of desperation, the cloth workers slaughtered or drove out of the towns their employers and captured finally not only the right to organize into guilds but also the very necessary concomitant, the right to a share in the government of the town.

But economic problems cannot be solved by destruction and violence. With the employers gone, employment was not magically given to the medieval workers. By the time some sort of a compromise was reached, the cloth trade was ruined and the prosperity of the Low Country towns ended until modern times. When a guild became strong, the employer simply took his raw wool to the farmer's family outside the city walls and thus opened up a new field of cheap labor, just as today the employer confronted with a strong union, moves his factory to the South.

We can draw many a lesson of unselfishness and real Christian brotherhood and charity from the study of the local craft guilds of the middle ages, but in view of their limited sphere of activity it is difficult to see how we can find in them any practical directives for the transformation of our own economy. We can hold fast to their ideals of the just price and living wage, but we must use all the ingenuity at our command to find our own solution to the economic problem of our time. If we wish a corporative order one of the first steps must be a rigid control of foreign trade so that we can set a just price for all our products. Then it would seem necessary to increase rather than diminish the present unfortunate trend toward the increasing interference of the national government in our economic life. Without the strong hand of the government it is difficult to see how our countless industries could ever get together and apportion the year's production in an equitable fashion. And this planned economy seems possible only under some régime similar to that in Germany today.

We have an increasing number of cases where employers share the management and profits of the business with the workers, seemingly a step in the corporative direction. We have an increasing number of cases where prices are fixed on a national and international scale by monopolists or cartels. These are not, of course, just prices, but the important fact is that certain corporations have succeeded in stabilizing prices at a fixed level. This would indicate that the establishment of the just price by organized society is not entirely hopeless. But production as well as price must be controlled under a corporative order, and it would seem overly optimistic to presume that each estate or corporation would fix its production and its prices in accordance with the interests of all the other workers and employers organized in other corporations. Certainly in medieval times, even when the authority of the Church was unquestioned, the strong hand of government authorities was required to settle guild disputes, to prevent the fullers from taking over an operation the dyers claimed properly to belong to them. And what is to prevent regional conflicts in a corporative order similar to the guild disputes of medieval times? In other words, what is to prevent friction similar to that of the guild of the canal-diggers and the guild of the boatmen in Ghent and Bruges, who killed each other in an effort to insure the continued commercial prosperity of their respective cities?

To attain a corporative order tremendous sacrifices are necessary, and even then we must remember Pope Leo's warning that any solution to the social and economic problem will be very imperfect, that we cannot hope for a Heaven on earth. Certain steps seem clearly indicated but it is still too soon to envisage a successful corporative order in our country. One of the first requirements is a long period of study and education, followed by experimentation and a gradual adaptation of our present economy. The real danger is the collapse of our present order before the new is matured.

Warsaw—Poland

Because we loved the land we lost,
The city that we could not save,
To Poland—to the doubly crossed—
The earth we are, we gave.

Let those who conquered Poland boast
New ground. New ground for grief they have—
Who have no grave without a ghost,
No ground without a grave.

MARTHA KELLER.

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A Gardener from Ringling's

When the spring come, you just had to get travelin' . . .

By Vincent Engels

FOR SIXTEEN YEARS he got around, and saw the country. In winter time he would come back home and work for the department stores, but when the spring came again, a fever got hold of him; he just had to be travelin'. He feels it sometimes yet; yes, sir, when the spring comes round, he'd like to be movin' out again.

Now for a long time I had no idea of the spirit that was in this man. I knew him only as a gardener. He would report in the morning and say, "Anything special today?"

"Then I'll clip the hedges, if you'd like," or it might be, "hoe the iris."

When I met him in the garden, our conversation was similarly brief and business-like, although one day as I passed by a bed of peonies which he was weeding by hand, he looked up and said with fervor, "This the kind a job I really like. I just take to this."

I found the remark stimulating for several reasons. I had never met anyone who was really enthusiastic about hand weeding before. Next, he did not do it very well. Finally, instead of getting down on his hands and knees, which is the most comfortable thing to do, he insisted on keeping to his feet and bending over with his head between his knees, like a watermelon (dark of course) in the shade of the vine.

The posture and the spirit should have tipped me off that here we had something more than an ordinary gardener, but it did not. He worked for us a year, for two years. Our conversations became gradually more elaborate. And then one morning he asked me if I had ever been to Florida. Because he had met a man up at the church last night who had spent the winter there. "In the jungles," said Edward, and his eyes grew wide.

"He did?" I said, feeling the hair creep along my spine.

"Yes, sir. And it was a terrible place. Men's bones lyin' all around where they had been lost, and the wild animals had got them. Yes, sir. And when he went fishing he had to look out for man-eating fish that might sneak up on him and pull him in—*and pick him clean.* And the jungle was so thick that a man behind couldn't see a man up ahead; so if he got into trouble, he had to call out, and the other man would come to stand beside him."

"Got into trouble? What kind of trouble?"

"Animal trouble," said Edward, and we stared at each other.

Later in the day, my small boys asked if Edward might take them to the farm to see the ponies. I thought it was a good idea; so did Edward, and he laid down his hoe, took his coat off the post and shook it and put on his cap, and they went up the path together discoursing about alligators.

"A fella up at the church he was in Florida this winter, and he see an alligator farm, and they was two alligators there couldn't nobody touch them but one man."

Then I understood that it was no gardener, but Uncle Remus that had come to live with us.

After that I was unhappy until I had learned about his life. And indeed he was no gardener. He had never pulled a weed before he worked for us, which explained, probably, why he still left the roots in the ground. He was a musician. He always had been a musician, and he still played in the Elks' Band on Thursday nights. And for sixteen years, as a younger man, he had played with the circuses. With Ringling Brothers he had seen all the East coast, and with a Barnum and Bailey the West. And he had always been treated well and fed like a king. The Indians of the West were glad to go through the garbage cans for the scraps which the circus men left.

"Began as a cornet player," he said. "Yes, sir. Then the War came along, and musicians they was hard to get. Man never knew in the morning what he would have to play at night."

He remembers the "wagon" pulling up to the circus lot one morning and the police herding almost half the band into it. "Just took them off to the War." So he had to learn to play the alto, and for a while he even played the drums.

I asked where he had learned his music in the first place. He said that he had taken lessons from an old German, "Mr. Schultz," who used to play with the Marine Band. Schultz could play anything—"there wasn't nothin' he couldn't play. Nice old man. Yes, sir, when he got through with you, you could go anywhere, play with anybody."

So, thanks to Mr. Schultz, he traveled all over this country and Canada; he saw the desert and the big trees of California; "a man just look like an ant alongside of one of them." He got very

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sick in Tulsa, from the water. He was in Seattle when the armistice was signed. He met some friends in Little Rock and missed the train. "I got to the station, and there was the last section lookin' back at me." He did not catch up again until supper time the next day, getting to the lot just before the flag on the dining tent came down. Once the flag came down, nobody could get anything to eat.

They paid him $25 a week and his board, and during the War he was paid $9 a week extra, when musicians had to help pitch and strike the tents.

One morning in Canada he woke up and saw an elephant just leaving the grounds with ropes and stakes trailing after him. Keepers and roustabouts started in pursuit. Ed went along with them to see the fun, and to lend a hand, too, if one was needed. He would have had a cup of coffee first, if he had known how far and fast an elephant could travel. This one went over a range of hills and down into a cedar swamp where nobody could follow him, and there he stayed for two days, with the muskrats and the bullfrogs and the big blue herons, until a couple of well regulated elephants went in and herded him back to the lot.

Ed (and the elephant) played all the big cities in Canada, and he thinks most of the little ones, too. He would have liked the country better if it had been warmer. He had to wear his heavy underclothes all that summer, and in August the nights became so cold that he had to buy an overcoat. One summer the circus played in Nova Scotia, "way up there," he said, "just this side of Lapland, and at 11 o'clock at night you could pick a pin up off the ground, it was that light."

He played only one year with John Robinson, because he was not very happy with this outfit. It had too much trouble with the authorities for an old Ringling man. He went with it to Mexico one winter; played Vera Cruz, Mexico City and lots of towns down there. At one town an old Mexican lost $200 to some con man who traveled with the circus. When the old man was broke, he fainted away. They carried him outside the tent and left him there, and when he came to, says Edward, he went straight to the police. "In ten minutes I never saw so many po-lice in all my life —must have been fifty of them; they was all over the place." The con man skipped off ahead of them; and went to the circus train, where some of the crew hid him in one of the "possum bellies" underneath the cars. It was a good hiding place, but when the police failed to find the man, they simply announced that the circus could not leave town. So there was great excitement on both sides, and even the circus musicians were warned not to circulate through the city, but to keep strictly between the train and the lot. At last the man was delivered up to justice and the train went on. But that was enough of John Robinson for Ed.

In other winters he returned to Washington and worked as a porter in Hecht's, playing dance jobs in the evenings. He made good money that way, "But when the spring come, a fever got hold of you; you just had to be travelin' again. I feel it sometimes yet; yes, sir, when spring comes round, I'd like to be movin' out."

He said it from the heart, and it was from the heart I asked, "Why on earth did you quit?"

"A man gets old," he said, "and when you're travelin' with the circus, you never can get enough sleep."

As a gardener, I should like to give him this testimonial. Over the greater part of the year he is industrious, or perhaps diligent is the word. He never works fast, but he works steadily, and that is something. His strong point is transplanting—the use of the feet in this work comes naturally to him, and he has developed a shuffle and stamp which does the trick and gives him pleasure. Perhaps he will never learn to weed properly now, for he is past sixty, and after many lessons in the art of hoeing he still scrapes at our tough clay with the flat of the blade instead of attacking it with the corner edge. But if you can put up with a few things like this and not fret yourself too much, there is no doubt that you can turn your garden over to him and he will run it for you, from the time he seeds it in the spring until he puts it to bed in the fall.

To do this, of course, a man must be steady at his job. Now and then, as is man's right, he stops and calls the boys and they go up the street to see the ponies, one of which they must beware of, for he has a wild, proud eye. On the way back they scrape up hoar frost and pile it near the runways in the hedges; hoar frost, you know, being the rabbitts' ice cream. Or they take sticks and go creeping through the empty lots and brushy corners of the village, beating the thickets for a possum which, according to some of our neighbors, does not exist. Of these people, worthy, solvent, superior, possibly a little unimaginative, Edward has been heard to say, "They don't know it all. No, sir! But if they do, so much the worse for them."

Rain-Called

Rain-called, in sudden green delight
The grasses leap against the light,
Quickened from the eager seed
Billion-bodied springs the weed
To glut and riot in a tangle,
Crowd and thrust, smother and strangle,
Till each to each, in the raging plan,
Is deadly as man is to man.

JOHN RUSSELL MCCARTHY.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

AS LENT BEGINS in that portion of the Christian populations of the world where Lent still means something more than a conventionalized interim between winter weariness and worries and the coming of spring and summer, it is curious that there should also begin a period in the war situation that might be loosely yet suggestively termed a lenten period for all humanity. Christians, and those whose lives and thinking and emotions and habits, in a world, their general culture, are still attached to Christianity, look forward throughout the lenten religious season toward Easter, and Easter glory and joy and beauty and peace. Meanwhile, a minority, probably a pretty small minority, of Christians, do more than passively accept, and endure, more or less rigorously (emphasis falls on "less," no doubt), the restrictions on their diet and amusements entailed by even a nominal acceptance of the law of the Church. This minority firmly and even joyously recognizes the inner meaning of the lenten law.

In a small country church on the first Sunday in Lent I heard a young priest urge the congregation to this course, and plead for a new lenten slogan akin to the one employed at Christmas and Easter—"Happy Lent!" But for the great mass of us lesser Christians, not being realistic enthusiasts of the calibre of that young priest, Lent still remains a boresome tunnel between two spaces of light and open air. Meanwhile our non-Christian neighbors, especially those in the countries now at war, and in those adjacent to the fighting who dread being dragged into war, are dealing with their privations and curtailment of normal pleasures and recreations in a sort of lenten spirit of their own—hardly one of real penance and atonement and self-sacrifice, joyously accepted, as the minority of fervent Christians embrace the spirit of Lent, but simply because they must do so; it is the Law, and that settles it. Very much so, in their case, for the enforcement of the laws of war in both the belligerent countries and the neutral lands near the war can't be so easily evaded or lightened as is the case with lenten observances among the great mass of easy-going Christians. And even as fervent Christians look forward to Easter, so these great multitudes even more eagerly hope that somehow the great war will be halted before it attains irresistible momentum, and some sort of negotiated settlement be reached before general slaughter and destruction starts in earnest.

As many of the reports from Europe following President Roosevelt's sudden announcement of Mr. Sumner Welles's mission reveal so pathetically, this hope that the war may even yet be halted is very strong indeed. Even the far less concrete news of "peace suggestion," supposed to have been set afloat in Berlin, in which vague intimations were made that Hitler is willing at least to relax the Nazi grip on Poland and Czecho-Slovakia and Austria and might retire in favor of Marshal Goering, and numerous other even vaguer "peace" rumors, have been feeding the fires of hope. That such emotions are mitigating the miseries and sufferings now being endured by so many millions of people, almost desperately craving for an Easter of release from their present lenten condition, is most natural, and we in safe and secure America can well sympathize deeply and hope with them and pray that the hope may even yet be fulfilled.

Yet it cannot be denied, it seems to me, by any mind preserving any respect for hard realities, that this hope is probably far more of a mirage than it is the shadow of the wings of the angel of peace. The necessary first condition of even a temporary truce or armistice preparatory to a general conference must needs be the recognition by France and Great Britain of the present government of Germany and, thereby, the abandonment of what the vast majority of their own peoples entered the war to effect, namely, the radical overthrow and complete defeat of the Nazi system of government. To accept Nazi promises of certain minor alleviations in the lot of the conquered populations of Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, accompanied by a few slight changes in the high command of the undefeated and essentially triumphant Nazi régime, would be the real defeat of France and Great Britain; and would mean the postponement, not the prevention, of the extension of Nazi power to Belgium, Holland, Switzerland and the Scandinavian and Balkan countries. And France and Great Britain would be left so diminished in prestige and in real power, because of the evident inner defeat of their own spirit, that their subsequent capacity for opposing the spread of the Nazi and communist invations of Europe would be quite negligible.

Even so, it may be argued, perhaps this is an extreme view of the situation; possibly such evil results are not the most likely. It may be that Germany has already been so weakened and disillusioned by the strain of the economic side of the war, and so uncertain of real victory in the event of the war going on, that its government would really go far toward an honest agreement with both belligerent and neutral nations rather than continue the present struggle, still more have this struggle merge into really drastic total war. And, if such a peace should be made—even although it seemed at first a mere temporary truce bound to break down sooner or later—perhaps the German people themselves, in their rebound from the strain and horror of the present situation, would manifest such a changed will for real peace and justice as to compel their Nazi rulers to take their opinion into account. Maybe even the Nazi rulers would be so relieved not to have to undergo the test of a real war that they might willingly follow the lead of the better part of their people.

Maybe so. Lenten mediations may carry many of us to dim heights of spiritual exaltation, in which the most heroic Christian action may seem possible even for those of us—the most of us—who are very pedestrian and mediocre souls indeed; but few of us ever succeed in putting such great desires into practical effect. So, too, I am afraid, it must prove with the lenten dreams of a secular sort that envisage peace coming like Easter; even, however, before the full rigors of a real Lent of true penance

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have been met and mastered. Of course, there still remains the mystery of God's providence; into that we cannot gaze; but short of the inner miracles that grace may work, humanly speaking it must seem that the war in Europe must continue till the Nazi power is broken, within Germany itself, or by pressure from without.

Communications

THE THREAT TO THE WEST

Wellfleet, Mass.

TO the Editors: After reading Dawson's excellent "The Threat to the West" (February 2) I returned to his first sentence: "This is a dark time, and there must be many who are tempted to despair when they see the ruin of the hopes of peaceful progress and international goodwill that inspired the liberal idealism of the last century and the perversion of all the great achievements of modern science and power to serve the devilish forces of destruction."

That is very familiar—nowadays in every newspaper Grey's lights keep going out—but true enough for all that, and one does not object, but is stimulated to ask some questions, not of Dawson, but of anybody. "Perversion," for instance. But the only evidence—the event itself—is that devilish destruction is no more a perversion of all those great achievements than the fruit is a perversion of the tree. In whose hearts burned those hopes of peaceful progress—in our time, I mean? In how many hearts was there, instead, detestation, a profound fear of that progress, that "malignant endlessness"? Should regret be the only emotion of the religious man who sees how belief in that other, that faceless, mechanical god—progress—begins to die out everywhere?

And darkness can be justly praised. It has its points. In the night we sleep, and dream: we also think over the day, judging it; we draw closer together, we are home, or we long to be.

And one wonders about "nihilism," this destruction that seems to be aimless, suicidal. Certainly there is a force now at war with the "modern world." Well, is that necessarily aimless, merely destructive? Maybe man, for a moment of history having believed himself horribly trapped, hated that world—that trap—for the best reason, because it threatened his life. Within the span of lives of men born in the nineties the age-old annual work-round has been altered very nearly everywhere. "Distance was annihilated," and thus also slowness, remoteness, localism. How measure their worth?

How measure the secret rage of the personality deprived by invisible fraud of its sacred privilege of doing necessary work, more and more of that going to organizations, to collectives, to a technology as vast and distant and faceless as the Moloch, progress, itself? It is a "dark," a mysterious enterprise, this present war, but we know one thing about it. We know what it is destroying. It is destroying the modern world. It is destroying "progress." But why assume that this is accidental, unintended?

To call it a "threat" to the West is somewhat like saying that a house already half consumed is threatened by fire. To say that the revolution of destruction is primarily an expression of Nazi fiendishness—is that a complete statement? (I'm not asking Dawson—he didn't say so, of course.) Was it goodness and light that strove so hard for an alliance with Stalin—until Hitler outbid them? Are the masses of England and France motivated by a faith in "progress" and yesterday's civilization? Were those two countries not participants in that protracted experiment of living for today's day and tomorrow's day on this earth and only here? Did they not also make the stupid and vicious mistake of undervaluing, forgetting, the divine dignity of the personality of man, and of work, which is sacred—or it is a deadly bore, and then destruction is better? Idleness, a sense of uselessness, is utter poison, and this is so also of protracted, empty leisure, after brief, degrading workdays.

Where are the defenders of progress? Who will say that man was happy yesterday? Why should we expect that the transition from that sort of society to a sanctified one should cost anything less than everything we've got? And there is this about the Satanic quality of the totalitarianisms—it is supernatural, and that changes the world and the struggle, for to engage in it one must find a supernatural strength. Where are Winston Churchill's wings? I can't see them.

The text is: What shall I render unto Hitler-Caesar? The answer "that which is his" can, of course, mean: "Nothing!"

The deification of the state is not a "scientific" marvel; it isn't "modern," unreligious. On the contrary.

If in the hellish chaos spreading over Europe man glimpses again at long last the living face of Evil, itself, may that not be of the utmost, the profoundest importance? May it not mean an awakening to awareness of his own supernatural personality, and so to such a clear knowledge of God as has not been his for centuries?

NORMAN MATSON.

INTRODUCING MR. PAULDING

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: May I offer you and your thousands of readers my sincerest congratulations on obtaining the editorial services of Gouverneur Paulding!

When he was entertained at the White House last summer, Mrs. Roosevelt referred to him as editor of *Esprit,* which was, of course, not quite correct. He was, as I understand it, the associate American editor of that remarkable French review. . . . Of all the American writers of today, I know of none with a finer editorial equipment in personal background and experience, in clarity and persuasiveness of literary style, in keenness of perceptions and in objective appraisal of complex events.

Paulding's residence in France and Italy these last few years has been a great loss to American letters and journalistic analysis of current events. But in bringing him back, especially at this time, you have gone far to redeem those years. Nothing else could strengthen so greatly the authoritative quality of your comments on European and world affairs. From the days prior to 1917, when he was working at Stockholm on exchange of war prisoners

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. . . right down to today, Mr. Paulding has accumulated an international experience very rare indeed among able writers. I am simply delighted at this fresh evidence of your determination to maintain the unique excellence of THE COMMONWEAL. It should bring you many thousands of new readers. RICHARD DANA SKINNER.

MYRON T. TAYLOR

Webster Groves, Mo.

TO the Editors: In view of much recent criticism both local and national of President Roosevelt's appointment of Myron T. Taylor as his personal representative to the Vatican, what William H. Taft wrote away back in 1912 is worth calling to mind: "I deny utterly that I have ever cultivated the Catholic Church for political purposes. I believe the Catholic Church to be one of the bulwarks against socialism and anarchy in this country, and I welcome its presence here, but I decide every question that comes up on the merits as I understand them, and that whether it is for or against the church. But it is useless to persuade a man with the anti-Catholic virus to look with patience at any treatment of the Catholic Church that does not involve hostility." CYRIL CLEMENS.

PAQUET AU FRONT

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editors: When recently making a few suggestions in THE COMMONWEAL as to what Catholic writers might do to stress the "Accent on Peace" during the present international crisis, I naturally added that we shared with everybody else the duty of "praying and working to minimize the suffering" of war. Now may I point out to your readers on activity in this latter category which may not be as well known as it deserves? This is Mrs. Seton Porter's practical and beautiful project caled *Le Paquet au Front* or the Kit of Kindness, which ships to French soldiers kits containing some of the little human comforts which a war-racked government cannot provide: a khaki wool sweater and shirt, woolen gloves and socks, a pipe and handkerchief, safety razor, chocolate, playing cards, dominoes, a harmonica, *etc.* The value of these things in keeping up the heart and the morale of men enduring what has been called the "war of rheumatism" through months of cold and dampness can easily be imagined, and seems to me to make a kind of meeting ground for the temporal and spiritual works of mercy.

Each kit costs about $5.00, and so far more than 27,000 have been sent to France, along with 1,000 blankets. Donations of any amount may be sent to Le Paquet au Front, care of Mrs. Seton Porter, chairman, at 745 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Directions for knitting will also gladly be supplied. KATHERINE BRÉGY.

In France the order of need right now might seem to place the Alsatian and foreign refugees in first position. Internationally, as Father Martindale suggested (January 26), immediate help should go where it is most immediately needed—to Poland, and now Finland. That Americans must really contribute in practical ways such as Miss Brégy suggests—to all the war-torn countries—is a primary peace policy. The Editors.

The Stage & Screen

Two for the Show

LET US have more such reviews as "Two for the Show," which depend for their effect on acting and writing talent instead of on vulgarity and splendiferous costumes and scenery. The informing spirit of "Two for the Show" is Miss Nancy Hamilton, who was likewise the guiding star of last year's "One for the Money." In that production Miss Hamilton appeared as one of the players. This year she contents herself with writing the sketches and lyrics, and they possess the delicate malice and wit she displayed in the former review. Perhaps more than anybody writing for the theatre Miss Hamilton expresses that sophistication and metropolitan spirit exemplified in print in the *New Yorker*. It pricks the bubble of our foibles with almost Gallic celerity and grace. Miss Hamiltoon is fooled neither by tradition nor by novelty. She is a wise and witty young woman, with a wise and witty pen. And she can rhyme and turn the unexpected phrase or skillfully as a Cole Porter or a Moss Hart. In fact she is a sort of spiritual daughter of Cole Porter and Dorothy Parker, a little less cruel than Mrs. Parker, decidedly more cerebral than Mr. Porter. She is certainly something our musical stage is badly in need of, and let us sing hosannas that the public is beginning to realize it.

Of course Miss Hamilton needs her coadjutors, and in "Two for the Show" they are very skilful ones indeed. We have Morgan Lewis to write melodious and catchy music, John Murray Anderson to produce the review, Robert Alton to direct the dances, Joshua Logan the sketches, and Raoul Pène Du Bois to design the scenery and costumes. They all do their parts most admirably. And then there are the performers. Gertrude Macy and Stanley Gilkey, who present the show, are to be congratulated on gathering together a cast so young, so good looking, so spontaneous and fresh in song, speech and acting. They have the enthusiasm of the amateur with the assurance of the professional. First and foremost there is Richard Hayden, whose personality is protean. He is a boy scout, an elderly British lecturer on cookery, an eighteenth-century man-in-the-stocks, a Spanish courtier. Mr. Hayden again proves that he is the most original comedian England has sent us in some years. Then there is Eve Arden, whose burlesque of Marlene Dietrich is side-splitting, and who in her other sketches puts over her lines magnificently; there is Brenda Forbes, whose talent is almost as protean as Mr. Hayden's; there is Keenan Wynn, who bids fair soon to rival his famous father; there are Nadine Gee, Betty Hutton, William Archibald and Tommy Wonder, a quartet of unusual dancers, and Frances Comstock and Alfred Drake, who can sing with the best of them. Yes. We can be thankful for "Two for the Money." It is the intimate review come back to atone for the vulgarities of the average musical. I hope that these reviews will be an annual occurrence. (*At the Booth Theatre.*) GRENVILLE VERNON.

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"Got No Strings"

"PINOCCHIO" may not have exactly the story or characters that Collodi had in mind in his famous tale, but it is Walt Disney at his best. Perfect for the Disney medium are such delightful guys as Figaro the kittenish kitten, Cleo the world's sweetest and most affectionate goldfish and debonair Jimmy Cricket who works hard to guide Pinocchio as his conscience until the little puppet, freed from his strings, proves that he is brave, true, unselfish and thus worthy of becoming a real boy. The fanciful Disney imagination goes to town in the workshop where kindly Geppetto keeps his clocks and musical figures, and Pleasure Island where boys run berserk 'cause if you "give a bad boy enough rope, he'll make a jackass of himself." Disney's supreme cleverness is proved again in those sequences in which that naughty Dead End Kid, Lampwick, teaches Pinocchio to smoke, or when poor Jiminy is indignant because he can't get into the whale Monstro's stomach where his pals are, or when Pinocchio's lies make his nose grow because "a lie grows until it's as plain as the nose on your face." The technique of animated cartoons has improved greatly since "Snow White." The figures move more smoothly. The under-sea sequences are lovely. Excellent color, gay music, astute use of sound and camera flow in a pattern of rhythm to make "Pinocchio" a masterpiece of cinema. If the whale incident and the ending seem overly long and some of the humor is too slapstick for your taste, don't grumble; just be thankful for the new joys that whimsical Walt Disney has furnished. Let yourself be captivated by Puckish Pinocchio, solemn-gay Jiminy, Giddy the Cat and the other members of this charming fantasy.

Don't expect any of Walt's whimsies in *"My Little Chickadee,"* which is a feeble effort by Director Edward Cline and Producer Lester Cowan to combine the talents of two very individual stars in one film. This burlesque of Sex and an 1880 Destry riding again and again alternates close-ups of featherboaed Mae West rolling her eyes and hips, with incidents in which W. C. Fields puts over new and old funny stories in his inimitable manner. Some of the lines are clever; most of them are of the *double entendre* variety that just escape the Hays office; and the whole, rather shoddy production gives the impression of being a series of musical comedy black-outs strung together. The finale, in which Mae does a Fields and Fields goes West, rolls 'em in the aisles.

Although English pictures have in the past few years been holding their own against Hollywood products, *"Sidewalks of London"* does little to forward the cause of British-made films. This stodgy Pommer-Laughton production is too carefully posed in the manner of early English cinema. Neither Charles Laughton, who does a good characterization of a cheap performer with a heart, nor Vivien Leigh (pre-Scarlett O'Hara) who rises to the top and deserts her fellows, succeed in realizing the full possibilities of Clemence Dane's screenplay about street buskers. Director Tim Whelan forgets that a picture needs more than an interesting study in gratitude, Laughton's sweet-sour grimacing and some dusty musical numbers.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Five Novels

Final Hosting. Patrick Welch. Stokes. $2.50.

THIS is a grand and exciting book to read. Some of the reviewers will not like "Final Hosting" for there is nothing of the psychological study or the sociological document about it. It is a good, wholesome, entertaining story. I use "wholesome" here as a word of genuine praise; those who prefer the morbid and psychopathic type of novel can discredit a story by calling it a wholesome one.

The structure of this novel is sound and the style is both charming and amusing. The book will be especially liked by those who recognize "that the Irish are the most civilized people in the world."

The story is about Dennis O'Shea, Lord Dunfoger. He is an Irishman and an officer in the British Army. O'Shea returns to Ireland from the Versailles Conference at the close of the World War. When he gets home he finds that his castle is being used by Irish who are engaged in the fight for freedom and he is soon drawn into the struggle himself. He becomes a member of the IRA and has many adventures. An uncommonly lovely girl named Brigid helps him and the Irish cause and adds much to the story. Another prominent and lively character in the story is O'Shea's uncle, a famous scholar and a professor at Trinity College in Dublin. His activities make most of the professors we know seem a bit dull and unimaginative. Eventually Dennis O'Shea helps to work out the difficult problems which followed the establishment of the Free State.

The historical background does not get in the way of the story at any time. Since the book is written with sympathy as well as intelligence, it helps a reader to understand the present mind of the IRA and their ill-advised activities today.

This book can be recommended without qualification to readers of all ages.

RUTH BYRNS.

River of Earth. James Still. Viking. $2.50.

THIS is a better than average novel of the hill people of the South, told from a young boy's viewpoint and in a poet's prose. The subject and even the characters are long familiar to anyone who has followed the contemporary American regional novel. Mr. Still has distinguished himself principally in his restraint, avoiding Jesse Stuart's often faked heartiness and the cheap, easily written incidents which merely shock but which Erskine Caldwell thinks are good writing.

Not that Mr. Still has made many compromises with reality. The poverty of the people he writes about is dire and almost inescapable. But he has brought considerable objectivity to his writing, so that one realizes that their plight is partly due to the father's stubborn and stupid insistence on being a miner instead of a subsistence farmer, despite the irregular work at the mine and the comparatively comfortable life his family had when he was forced, through unemployment, to till the land.

There is hardly a false note in the book although the prose has the usual defects of a poet's prose. It is too thin, too filled with images which belong to the poetic province. It is also concerned as much with the land as with the people, so that the land, instead of being an informing background, becomes, in Mr. Still's mind, as important as

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the people. There are too many "spring-clears" and "mullein-ranks" and "rain-freshs." But it is a good book and doubtless Mr. Still can write a better one.

HARRY SYLVESTER.

On a Darkling Plain. Wallace Stegner. Harcourt. $2.00.

WALLACE STEGNER won the Little Brown novelette prize of $2,500 a while back. For his first novel since then he has chosen a hackneyed though difficult theme, that of a man's final reconciliation with a world he had come to fear and distrust.

To take a man coming out of the first World War, with an injured body and a misanthropic mind, place him in the all but uninhabited plains of western Canada, choosing to live in a sod-hut by himself, and to finally account convincingly for his reconciliation, is a writing job requiring a skill Mr. Stegner does not possess. Mr. Stegner knows the country he writes about, but I think his idea of adolescent female psychology is highly inaccurate; and I suspect his Ina was a budding nymphomaniac, although apparently Mr. Stegner thought she was pretty cute, stripping her boy and girl dolls and bedding them side by side. Mr. Stegner's villain even has bad teeth and his hero a fine, lean body and a noble soul.

On top of these things Mr. Stegner does not write well and has gone in for the undergraduate trick of using Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach" as his theme song throughout. It is a pretty bad performance from a prize-winning writer.

HARRY SYLVESTER.

These Were the Brontës. Dorothy H. Cornish. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE STRANGE FAMILY which lived on the Haworth moors was attacked physically by the vapors arising from the undrained churchyard, and mentally by the vapors which resulted from a cold Calvinism, a comparatively empty environment and a fatal frigidity of spirit released only at times in letters and in novels. Various attempts have been made to define their lives, from the early biography by Mrs. Gaskell to the all too numerous commentaries of the last decade. The present book purports to draw the picture again; it also purports to be a novel.

On the good side there is an interesting retelling of Charlotte's life at Miss Wooler's school and an amazing, but all too brief, creation of a Doctor Moore who diagnoses the girl's psychological starvation. The Brussels interlude is well handled: the Victorian excitement over a possible love affair is brushed aside, and the interest of a girl, brought in touch for the first time with a strong personality, aware of literature and life and things of the spirit, is made plausible and almost pulsating. Finally, there is an unforgettable narration of Bramwell, spinning Heathcliffe out of his own diseased brain, and bequeathing the story and the problems of its solution to Emily.

Seldom, however, does Miss Cornish get beneath the surface of her characters. Patrick O'Prunty remains a shadowy old man, who loses sight of his children's minds almost from the time he put masks on them and asked them the meaning of life; Aunt Bramwell is a well-meaning "vestal," who is no closer to the story than her upstairs bedroom; the lesser characters are no more human than the household pets. The author seems to have taken the outlines of previous biographies and to have tried to fill them in with dialogue. We hear that the girls were locked within themselves, stifled by provinciality, unable to escape into emotion: but no action helps to reveal these suggestions, no probing explains them. The ghost of psychic depression walks, but it is never run to earth. There is news of Bramwell's tragic love, but we are never allowed inside the Robinson home.

The biographer is everywhere apparent; the story-teller seldom. And the biographer insists on being counselor and friend. She puts her arm about the reader's shoulder, tells him what is going to happen, makes a cross reference to what has been completed, expresses her own hopes and fears, moralizes about the significance of life, dictators, religious and racial prejudice, curl papers and eyebrow pencils, pictures in the National Gallery, educational guidance and Rousseau. At the close of the book, which is at least twice the length it should be, we do hasten to re-read *Jane Eyre*. Perhaps this is the reaction the writer hoped for.

JAMES E. TOBIN.

Bambi's Children. Felix Salten. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

BAMBI THE DEER has become so popular a creature in juvenile fiction that another book about him is certain to be welcomed. Though this is mainly the story of Genno and Gurri, the young deer, Bambi himself moves through the pages, time and time again to usurp the story as his own.

The tale begins with the young fawns and continues through to their maturity, with pleasant and terrifying adventures included: Gurri's capture by man and her subsequent release, the coming of the Kings, winter and its significance in the forest, the invasion of the hunters, the attacks of Nero the dog turned wolf, and finally the revenge of the boy hunter which provides an occasion for Bambi's heroism.

Felix Salten has a special gift for forest fantasy. His creatures of the wood are for the most part an amiable lot: Perri the squirrel, Friend Hare, the little birds—magpies, tomtits, robins and finches—and the groups of deer. In spite of the fear in the forest, they gave pathos and humor to the story because of the tender human qualities with which Felix Salten has endowed them.

Though himself the victim of Nazi persecution, now exiled in Switzerland, it is to the author's credit that in a forest where cruelty is rampant and which could have reflected his own misfortune, he chose to create a green world with at least a semblance of peace. Even man with his thunderstick is a friend in this place. It is a story which should live in the affections of children everywhere.

JESSICA POWERS.

BIOGRAPHY

The Emperor Charles V. Karl Brandi. Translated by C. V. Wedgwood. Knopf. $5.00.

THE CHIEF merit of this biography seems to be the skill manifested by the author in depicting the Emperor as the embodiment of a political creed, without sacrificing his reality as a human being. Fortunate it certainly was that Charles V took his many offices and duties seriously, and that nearly all his accomplishments were faithfully recorded in divers and sundry documents. For us it is of interest that this last most important of the Holy Roman Emperors kept medieval internationalism as his ideal. Nationalism, the inevitable result of the inexorable policies of Ferdinand and Isabella in Spain and of fanatical agitators like Franz von Sickingen and Ulrich von Hutten in Germany, failed to perturb this good Catholic, who frequently found himself at loggerheads with

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the Pope over the intricacies of Renaissance politics both inside and outside Italy.

Charles V's principal difficulties, however, were with France and the German Lutherans. For Francis I to ally himself with the Turks was a severe blow to the sovereign of Spain where militant Islam had recently been so successfully extirpated. More grief assailed the devout Emperor when Luther and his followers broke away from historic Catholicism, although Charles V, a patron of the new learning, was a most formidable critic of real abuses in the Church, as is proved by his patronage of the reformers at Trent.

The author sums up Charles' character as slow, sometimes obstinate, and in no wise brilliant. But he was an honest ruler, a brave soldier, and possessed of much common sense. The volume is replete with the bewildering details of sixteenth-century intrigue. Yet first things stand out in proper significance. One is never allowed to forget that Charles's times were those of innumerable changes: political, social, economic. Besides emphasis on the polyglot nature of the Empire in Europe as well as on the immense consequence of the Renaissance and Reformation, due attention is accorded American aspects of the scene. We are reminded that Charles V's reign was the era of Cortes, Pizarro, Narvaez and Magellan, who carried on their activities in this first empire on which the sun truly never set.

DAVID A. ELMS.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Organized Labor and Production. Morris L. Cooke and Philip Murray. Harper. $2.50.

IF YOU DESIRE further evidence of the flowering in our day of the theory of common interests in employer-employee relations as opposed to that of conflict, you will find it here.

Running through every chapter is the thematic thought: *bind* unions and management together for a completer democracy in the world of the future. The hopelessness of the psychology of battle is described in detail. Even its chapter on the past, brimful of the riots of yesteryear, is an arrow pointing to the better way. The reader must remind himself every now and then that men, as we find them, know and desire the better things of life but *pejora sequuntur*. A pity 'tis, 'tis true.

I like the chapter on Wage Systems, hours of work and operating control. I recommend it to teachers of labor economics in our Catholic Labor schools. But the discussion of collective bargaining in ten pages is unusually fresh and would seem to be a worthy supplement to Sydney Webb's analysis of the same subject, made forty years ago.

Nothing is said by the authors about some essential state services to the cause of ideal management-union relations. I refer in part to the work of the state labor relations board and the state mediation board of New York. The latter, particularly, has already made a magnificent contribution to the history of voluntary conference methods and procedures in labor disputes. It is a minor omission.

More serious is the failure to tap the papal labor encyclicals for their rich and pertinent material. There is a disappointing reliance on the natural order as if man knew no other. It would almost appear that neither Mr. Murray nor Mr. Cooke were aware of the Catholic Church's insistence that a new social order be established, that men in industry be *bound* together again as they once were, not according to their position in the labor market but according to their talents and vocation, and that there be inaugurated a form of vocational grouping of employers and employees, through their associations and unions, for cooperative ends. One would think that Leo's definition of the purpose of employees' organizations, "to better their condition to the utmost in body, soul and property," merited inclusion. And when Pius XI further declared that this flows right out of the Gospels, straight from the teachings of Christ, he was using top headline stuff. It is well written, well printed and well intentioned.

JOHN P. BOLAND.

Jubilee Law Lectures. Roscoe Pound and others. Catholic University. $2.50.

THE PROBLEM of peace is essentially a modern one, created by conditions that came into being during the age of the Reformation. Before that there were wars, but not on a world scale, nor so exhausting as to shake the very moral and political and theological foundations of Europe. Even before the Christian era, European wars did not involve such a vast expenditure of men and materials and resources over such large areas of Europe. The basis of this change subsequent to the Reformation is to be found in the modern idea of the nation-state, completely sovereign, and knowing no law save sacred egoism and the will to dominance. But the mood triumphed partly because the moral and juridical principles formulated by the medieval canonists and theologians were brushed aside and newer doctrines are substituted. Now that there is talk even by English politicians of a federal Europe, perhaps the doctrines of those old Catholic jurist-theologians will find a more sympathetic hearing. Their doctrines have this to recommend them—they worked once when Europe was in a chaotic and anarchic condition and helped greatly to produce a European consciousness and peace and prosperity.

Dean Pound reminds us that the medieval jurists and theologians gave to Western jurisprudence its notions of universality, its idea of legal authority, its concept of law and its understanding of good faith. Roman law knew nothing of good faith; legal transactions in ancient Rome was simply a matter of performing certain ceremonies which had fixed legal consequences attached to them and what the parties may have really intended by these acts was considered irrelevant. Being universal the Church was confronted with the problem of devising laws universal in application. She had to govern all races and nations in all stages of development, thus her laws had to be simple and resting upon permanent realities. And so it is that her law of marriage is still substantially the same throughout the Western world whereas the law of divorce changes with geography and the weather. Due to her influence and universal laws men were considered as Christians rather than subjects of any particular sovereign or city state. Then Europe was one and governed by one law of the Emperor and Pope. With the Rise of the New Preaching came the revival of Roman Law doctrines of absolutism and so jurisprudential universalism gave way to particularism in the law. The class law of Russia, the racial laws of Germany and the nationalistic laws of Italy are but the fruits of the tree which began to flourish with the Reformation. It was the medieval canonist and jurists who developed the method of insuring certainty by the logical development of the content of authoritatively established precepts and documents, such as the pronouncements of the Councils and Popes, the laws of Justinian and

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the Bible. And it was from Aristotle that they got their technique for the logical development of these basic authorities. They understood also the difference between laws and law. Laws were or ought to be simply the particularized expression of Law, which was itself the manifestation of Eternal Reason. Law as the command of the sovereign or state was alien to them. It is God and not creatures who is the origin and fountain of Law. All the state can do is add its sanctions. JOSEPH CALDERON.

CRITICISM

Polite Essays. Ezra Pound. New Directions. $2.50.

THE TITLE of this stimulating little book (from that new and interesting press which has just published a fresh translation of Rimbaud's "Saison en Enfer") should, of course, be put in the negative. Mr. Ezra Pound is, perhaps, the most delightful critic living, partly because he is, indubitably, the most impolite. He whirls about right and left like an Eastern sword-juggler, and even a partial list of his many pet detestations might, possibly, supply for the uninitiate the best glimpse into the somewhat mysterious region of his well-stocked mind. For example, he seems to cherish a special dislike for "classical" poets like Milton and Dryden and a veritable venom against the professorial and editorial bigwigs (exception made for Mr. T. S. Eliot) who talk big about either from the classroom lectern. As an example of this questionable talent, and also of a style at the same time impudent and a trifle gnomic, it is not displeasing to quote the following from "The Teacher's Mission." After remarking that critics are the registrars of a nation's intellectual life, and that one should be as intolerant of dishonest critics as of dishonest doctors, he writes: "For this reason I personally would not feel myself guilty of manslaughter if by any miracle I ever had the pleasure of killing Canby or the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and their replicas, or of ordering the deportation of a great number of affable, suave, moderate men, all of them perfectly and smugly convinced of their respectability, and all incapable of any twinge of conscience on account of any form of mental cowardice."

Toward the end of his book, under the caption "Vaccine" in an essay called "How to Read," Mr. Pound gives his own racy substitute for the vast, dreary, indigestible mass of reading material, good, bad, indifferent and detestable, which makes up the curriculum of the average survey course in any literature. Purposely, he is omitting authors who are, in his sense, unoriginal, however great; and the unhappy undergrad might sigh with relief at the vast amount left out. What is left in is Homer (with Chapman as guide), Catullus in the original, Dante and his circle, Voltaire, Stendhal, Flaubert, Corbière, Rimbaud. "This would not overburden the three or four-year student," Mr. Pound remarks. No indeed, but it might be instructive to submit Mr. Pound's list to the authorities at St. John's, Annapolis.

It is a great pleasure to report that Mr. Pound has included in this volume his important essay on Dante from an early book, "The Spirit of Romance" (1910). It is short, but full of good points, many of them never noted before or since. Thus Wordsworth is usually regarded as the high priest of "nature-feeling," but Wordsworth has never written a line more instinct with that sentiment than these from the Purgatorio, Canto XXIII:—

> L'acqua diss'io, e il suon della foresta
> impugnam dentro a me novella fede.

Similarly, Shelley ranks highest as the English "transcendental" poet ("whatever that means," adds Mr. Pound, and we agree). But the great Romantic ode in which the "pestilence-stricken multitudes" appear is directly Dantesque. Trust the professors not to see these things. The only English poet they are fond of comparing with Dante is Milton who resembles Dante as Mr. Pound resembles Edna St. Vincent Millay. "Dante," says Pound finely, "is metaphysical, where Milton is merely sectarian." Dante's God is ineffable divinity; Milton's a fussy old man with a hobby." The reader will see that Mr. Pound's style has gained nothing in force since 1910. On the contrary, it has lost some of its force by reason of the very nose-thumbing telegraphese which is his latest way of putting over his real message. CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

The Scrapbook of Katherine Mansfield. Edited by J. Middleton Murry. Knopf. $2.50.

THE SCRAPBOOK of an author in many ways is as interesting as the finished product, for it gives many indications of the primary interests, the methods of work, the casual and abiding loyalties of the writer. Katherine Mansfield's scrapbook is also valuable in giving us an understanding of her character, for there are many unguarded entries that her husband and editor has allowed to be divulged for the public that, it is reasonably certain, were not intended to be published. As grist for the mill of future students of literature they will undoubtedly serve as the bases of many theses and biographies.

The book offers many drafts of finished or nearly finished stories and poems, together with jottings of personal experience partly explained and partly left to surmise. The element of surmise in the scrapbook adds a decided touch of piquancy. The entries indicate the marked struggle of the artist in trying to differentiate personal experience from appropriate material for writing. Katherine Mansfield tries to escape from the feeling of unreality forced upon that person who has never quite let go of the pen in the midst of the emotions and conflicts of living. One of the tenderest passages in the book reveals her search for reality: "Is it not possible that the rage for confession, autobiography, especially for memories of earliest childhood, is explained by our persistent yet mysterious belief in a self which is continuous and permanent; which, untouched by all we acquire and all we shed, pushes a green spear through the dead leaves and through the mould, thrusts a scaled bud through years of darkness until, one day, the light discovers it and shakes the flower free and—we are alive—we are flowering for our moment upon the earth. This is the moment which, after all, we live for—the moment of direct feeling when we are most ourselves and least personal."

One is impressed by the sensitivity of the writer, by her irreconcilable conflict between her femininity and unjaundiced and practical realism. She has an acute power of reading from her own heart into the hearts of others. But the tragedy glimpsed in the scrapbook arises from her inability to escape from the tender and keen logic of her mind into a larger and embracing loyalty. Her refuge is in a pseudo-mysticism which does not deceive her and, as the entries indicate, leaves her frustrated and ill. One feels that she was confused but brave and unsentimental. So unlike the snail mentioned in her poem; so unlike the majority:

> "You haven't begun
> To have any fun."

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"But I've had my fright,
That's life enough—quite!"
Said the snail.

WILLIAM J. GRACE.

PHILOSOPHY

The Prospects of Philosophy. By John J. Rolbiecki. Benziger. $2.50.

THE AUTHOR'S purpose is "to indicate briefly some of the tasks which await the philosophers of the future." He proposes to accomplish this end by examining the present status of philosophy in its relation to the special sciences and to modern social, political and religious problems. Unfortunately, the book fails to deliver. Its ineffectiveness is due, first, to its consistent refusal to define the nature and proper sphere of philosophy, secondly, to the misconception pervading its pages that progress in philosophy is synonomous with the success with which philosophy is applied to practical affairs and finally, to a style of writing which abounds in haphazard generalities.

DAVID DALRYMPLE.

SCIENCE

Science Marches On. Walter Shepard. Harcourt. $3.00.

THIS INTERESTING volume treats a great variety of topics individually from the historical point of view. Consequently most of the chapters may be read and considered independently. It is well illustrated and presents a large number of interesting and important details in the development of many branches of science. It possesses the added advantage of being simply written and understandable to any intelligent reader. It can be guaranteed to increase his stock of interesting and even useful information. This does not mean, however, that it is merely a recitation of facts. On the contrary, it is devoted essentially to pure science, to the urge to know and the dedication to truth for its own sake which distinguishes the original thinker from the mass of men. Useful inventions are emphasized repeatedly but only to show how they grow out of the knowledge acquired by pure science.

The introduction sets the tone for the rest of the book by stating clearly just what scientific knowledge really consists of and by emphasizing the distinction between measurements and observations of the world we live in made by means of the materials themselves, and the abstractions which the mind is capable of making. This reflects the growing tendency to regard the *laws of nature* as caused, in large part, by the way we perceive things because we are a part of that same Nature. The book as a whole, however, avoids philosophical enigmas by confining itself to a discussion of discoveries about how things work rather than what things really are. The result is an unusually clear view of how little we really know about the true nature of the simplest every-day things.

One interesting fact is the incorporation of the results of modern anthropologic and archeologic research indicating the fallacy in the view that modern man's belligerency is an instinct inherited from his animal ancestry; one which is being slowly overcome by evolutionary progress towards perfection. Our ancestors are now pictured as essentially peaceful and timid and war as a development unheard of until seven or eight thousand years ago.

This book will give any reader a glimpse of how man learns and a wholesome respect for scientific knowledge based on a truer conception of the content and limits of all our knowledge of material things.

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is being waged by devoted missionaries against sickness and sinfulness, here in home missions as well as in the field afar. The Catholic Medical Mission Board aids many needy missions which plead constantly for more help and cooperation. For seven dollars we can send 10,000 5 gr. aspirin tablets to the missions. Any donation, however small, can be used to purchase medical supplies for the needy. A gift of $30 will enable you to give to the missions a general operating kit of surgical instruments. A donation of $60 will secure for the missions a set of instruments for eye operations. Address The Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J., 8 and 10 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

The Inner Forum

THE MOST REVEREND Bishop Paulin Ladeuze, Rector Magnificus of the Catholic University of Louvain for over thirty years, died February 9. He was known even to the American public, largely because of his Christian courage in refusing to permit Whitney Warren, American architect of the University Library, restored after the World War by American funds, to install a balustrated carved with the inscription "Furore Teutonico dirut: dono Americana restituta." After winning his case in the courts, the Rector twice had a plain ("Ladeuze") limestone balustrade erected, only to see it knocked down during the night by sledgehammer blows.

Deeply angered by the second act of perverse vandalism, a group of English-speaking students then at the university sent the Rector a letter of sympathy together with a sum of money. In reply he wrote: "It is painful to see how, after so many years, certain people are unable to understand that the dignity and serenity of a scientific institution do not permit fixing forever on the frontispiece of its principal building a text full of errors and with no other literary merit than gross insult to a people who was certainly guilty indeed but who can recognize its fault and whose intellectual representatives we must again receive in this library itself."

Undaunted by these reverses, and after a sufficient interval for the calming of spirits, Bishop Ladeuze had a plain balustrade erected. Five years ago on his twenty-fifth anniversary he was called "the building Rector," and the "second founder of the university," and this of the university which Pope Pius X even in his day called "the model of Catholic universities."

Profound theologian, he remained a man of simple faith who could be seen of an evening walking to the station-postoffice, with his voluminous correspondence, personally hand-written—this in one hand and his beads in the other. Scholar, he was cofounder of the *Revue d'Histoire Ecclesiastique*. Progressive administrator, he opened the University to women, and in a few short years made the University bi-lingual and thus representative of the Flemish as well as French-speaking Belgian population. Fatherly priest, his office and home were ever open to any visitor, no matter how lowly.

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